

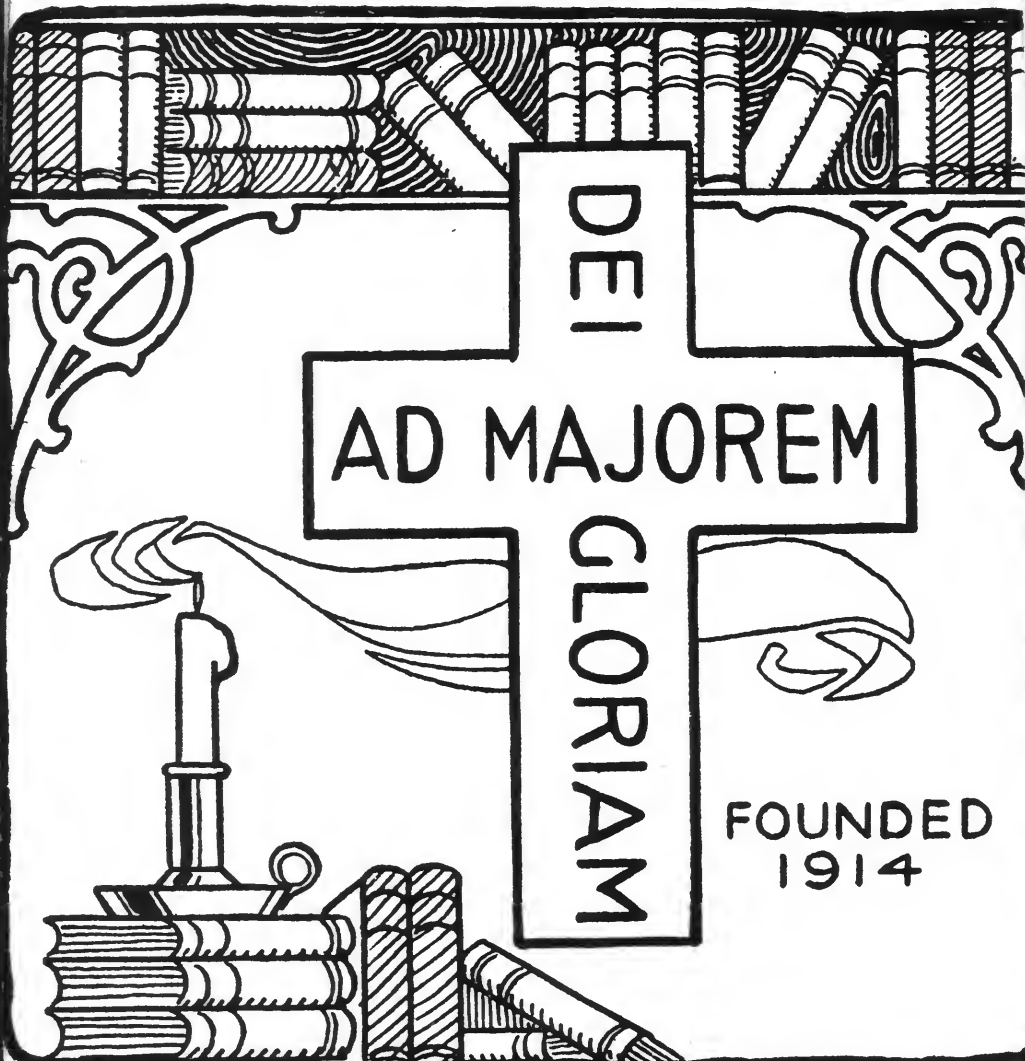
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OF
ANN
CUTLER
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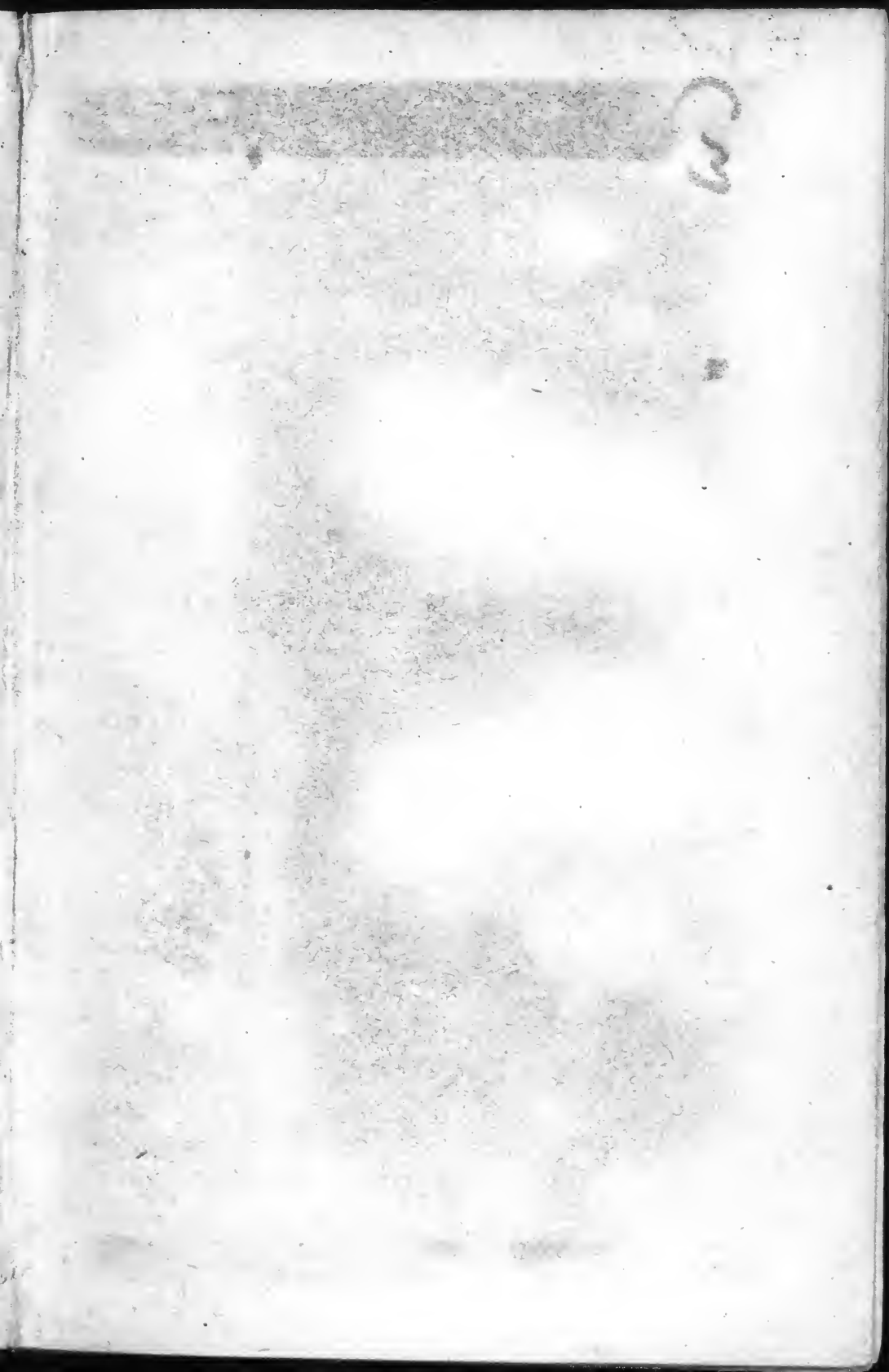
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THE LIFE AND DEATH

OF

ANN CUTLER,

WHO WAS MADE A PRINCIPAL INSTRUMENT
IN THE
REVIVAL OF THE WORK OF GOD IN YORKSHIRE,
LANCASHIRE, ETC., DURING HER DAY.

BY WILLIAM BRAMWELL,

PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

CHOICE WESLEYAN ANECDOTES.



WAKEFIELD:

WILLIAM NICHOLSON AND SONS.

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In the following account of Ann Cutler, I have endeavoured to retain her own expressions. I have given her letters without any alteration, believing this mode would be the most edifying and pleasing to her numerous acquaintance. In a narrative like this, simplicity should be constantly kept in view. Her artless and childlike spirit will be best seen in her own journal, which is now before me, and from which I shall make some extracts.

She made it her custom daily to write down the dealings of God with her soul; a custom which numbers have found to be extremely beneficial, and which I strongly recommend. As I never met with her equal, and scarcely expect to meet with her like again, I thought that a relation of her experience might be useful and instructive. May God make it a blessing to every reader!

WILLIAM BRAMWELL.

Wes. 1019

MEMOIR OF ANN CUTLER.



ANN CUTLER was born near Preston, in Lancashire, in the year 1759. Till she was about twenty-six years of age she was very strict in her morals, and serious in her deportment; but she never saw into the method of salvation by Jesus Christ till the Methodist local preachers visited that neighbourhood. After hearing one* of them she was convinced of sin, and, from that time, gave all diligence to obtain mercy. In a short time she received pardon, and her serious walking evidenced the power she enjoyed. It was not long before she had a clearer sight into her own heart; and, though she retained her confidence of pardon, she was yet made deeply sensible of the need of perfect love. In hearing the doctrine of sanctification, and believing that the blessing was to be received through faith, she expected instan-

* The modesty of Mr. Bramwell prevented him from stating that he was "one."

taneous deliverance, and prayed for the *power to believe*: her confidence increased until she could say. "Jesus, Thou wilt cleanse me from all unrighteousness!" In the same year of her finding mercy, 1785, the Lord said, "I will; be thou clean." She found a sinking into humility, love, and dependence upon God. At this time her language was, "Jesus, Thou knowest I love Thee with all my heart. I would rather die than grieve Thy spirit. O! I cannot express how much I love Jesus!" After this change, something remarkable appeared in her countenance,—a smile of sweet composure: It was noticed by many, as a reflection of the Divine Nature, and it increased to the time of her death. In a few months she found a great propensity to grieve for sinners, and often wept much in private; and, at the same time, was drawn out to plead with God for the world in general. She did not know the meaning of this; and she found none that could either enlighten her mind or encourage her views. Her concern increased; and nearly every time I saw her, I was asked for instruction. She began to pray in meetings; and several persons

were awakened and brought to God. The effects of her labours were manifest. Many were displeased, but some were *saved*. At Preston, Blackburn, &c., she became noted for piety, and yet her usefulness was comparatively but small. Her manner was strange to numbers, as she prayed with great exertion of voice, and for *present blessings*. She would frequently say, "I think I must pray. I cannot be happy unless I cry for sinners. I want nothing but souls to be brought to God. I am reproached by most. I cannot do it to be seen or heard of men. I see the world going to destruction; and I am burdened till I pour out my soul to God for them."

Mr. Wesley calling at Preston, she communicated to him her experience, as it respected her union with God, and her strong desire to do His will. He wrote her an answer, of which an exact copy may be here inserted, as it was left among her other papers.

"Walton, April 15, 1796.

"MY DEAR SISTER,

"THERE is something in the dealings of God with your soul, which is out of the common way. But I have known several, whom he has been

pleased to lead in exactly the same way, and particularly in manifesting to them distinctly the Three Persons of the ever blessed Trinity. You may tell all your experience to me at any time ; but you will need to be cautious in speaking to others, for they would not understand what you say. Go on in the name of God, and in the power of His might. Pray for the whole spirit of humility, and I wish that you would write and speak without reserve to, dear Nanny,

“Yours affectionately,

“JOHN WESLEY.”

It is easily seen from this answer what opinion Mr. Wesley had of Ann Cutler, particularly as it respected her depth of piety ; and to my knowledge, she attended to the advice which he had given in this letter. She experienced many things in union with God, which she mentioned but to few ; and some manifestations, she declared to me, were never related to any.

Another preacher wrote to her about the same time as follows :—

“DEAR SISTER,

“I REJOICE that you stand in the love of God. Keep to the plain New Testament. Learn no mystical phrases. Remember, it is REPENTANCE, FAITH, and HOLINESS : the Bible knows this religion and no other. Read this, and it will

lead you higher, and higher, till you obtain the crown.

“I am your affectionate Brother,
* * * *”

I think it proper now to take notice of the different parts of her experience, which were evidenced to numbers for more than eight years.

Her Faith in God.

HER manner was to search dilligently the New Testament, to know what blessings were promised to her; and if she could only satisfy herself, from her own reading, or from the explanations of others, of what the promise contained, she instantly believed that the Lord would give it: and it appeared that she daily, through faith, increased in the work of God. I never remember hearing her say that she had received any blessing, without adding, “I see a great deal more for me in Jesus.”

When she was called upon to plead for others, her manner was, if possible, to know their state. For this she used every prudent means. If she was satisfied of what they then needed, she believed with all her heart that the Lord would fulfil their desire.

She was as confident for sanctification as justification; yet she observed it required a greater exertion of faith, in the person prayed for and the person pleading, to receive purity of heart than pardon.

She lived by faith. I had evidence that, as she received, she trusted in no grace, but looked through all to God.

In several places where preachers and others had lost their hope of a revival, she has selected a few souls to assist her, and, to the astonishment of many, has prevailed with God.

Her Christian Love.

She often expressed herself thus: "It is all love; nothing but love. God is love. I want more of this love. How do you think I may attain to more? I feel nothing but pure love: but God can enlarge my heart, and give me a greater fulness. I feel my soul continually burn with love to Jesus." If ever any gave evidence of love she certainly did; and, according to the thirteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, she "*believed all things, hoped all things, endured all things.*"

Her love to sinners appeared in her fre-

quent sighs, groans, tears, and strong crying to God in secret. What appeared the most like tautology in her petitions. was, "Jesus, save sinners! Thy blood was shed for them. O! save sinners!"

Her love to real penitents was striking. Her soul travailed in birth till Christ was formed in them. She went through great sorrow, sympathizing with the broken in heart; and she always seemed unwilling to leave them till they were comforted. Her love moved her to mourn with them that mourned; and when deliverance came her soul rejoiced in God her Saviour. She often said, "None know the glory of pleading with souls, but those who do it."

Whenever she found persons, to use her own expressions, "quite devoted," she showed uncommon respect for them; and, in our conversation on the subject, said, "I love to be with them; it helps me forward. I see many things in them which I want myself: but we shall soon be in heaven. I must do all I can for God every moment, and then I shall be near them in another world. O! it delights my soul to see those that are not entangled with any thing below the sun!" Her love to the

preachers and Connexion was the strongest I ever saw in any person.

She did, by her Christian charity, "*cover a multitude of sins.*" I never knew her speak evil of any. She said, "When I know any evil, I tell the Lord. I can tell every thing to him." She never would talk about the faults of others; any thing of this nature made her quite uneasy. Her language was, "I know it will do them no good: I feel it will hurt my mind: I want to talk of something else." Her soul seemed always moulded into pure love.

Her Humility.

HER friends sensibly feel, and all who have had a real knowledge of her character can testify, that this grace shone the most conspicuous. There appeared nothing affected. What was seen, proclaimed the sentiments of her heart. I have often thought she did not know how to dissemble. Whatever the blessings were which she received, she spent more time in thanksgiving for them than she did in the petition.

"Glory be to Jesus!" was her cry. When she professed to receive an increase

of grace, there appeared an increase of holy shame in all her conduct. She appeared sunk under the weight of love, with a soul full of gratitude. The image of the Son of God was *then* the most visible. Whenever she was answered in the salvation of others, which was exceedingly common, her mind was instantly turned to "Glory, glory to thy name, O Jesus!"

I saw it was not in her to be backward when called to work for God, or to let others act before her; but her genuine humility was seen either in acting instantly, or not acting, as she might be called; in being *nothing* and feeling it, or in being *any thing* for God and his glory; in being accounted a fool or wise, despised or esteemed, rejected or received.

Her great patience.

To see God in all things, is the privilege of Christians; and their happiness consists in acknowledging him as their King, Judge, and Saviour. "*Thy will be done;*" "Thou canst not do wrong!" was the language of Ann Cutler for eight years. She met with the greatest opposition that ever I knew any person receive; and I never

saw or heard of her being in the least angry. She never complained of ill usage. She was sent for by many, both rich and poor; and though she was exceedingly sensible of opposition, yet she would say, "I am not received at such a place; but *the will* of the Lord be done!"

She bore the contradiction of sinners, and took patiently and joyfully the loss of her good name, willing to be nothing in order to possess all things. She said, "I want nothing but to suffer all that Jesus will lay upon me, and for him to fulfil his will in me every moment. I hope, through his assistance, to live as near to him as any person in this world. I know he does all things well!"

Her prayer, manner, &c.

I NEVER heard any thing spoken against Ann Cutler, except her manner of approaching the Lord. I hinted before, that she prayed with great exertion of voice, and "in this she never lost her foes." She was in our house several months, at different times. It was her usual custom to rise at midnight, to pray and return God thanks for mercies received. Going to

rest again, she slept till four which was her regular hour of rising. She continued till about five pleading for herself, our family, the society, the preachers, and the whole church. If we had no meeting at five, she retired into the chapel, and there continued in earnest prayer another hour. About six she went into her room, and read the scriptures with prayer. When she laboured with her hands, she would retire twelve or fourteen times in the day, and pray a few minutes at a time. She continued frequently very long in private; but was very short in public, and in general with a loud voice. Her plea for this was, "I have tried to pray differently, but am always less confident. I would do any thing to please, if it would not hurt my own soul; but I am in this way the most free from wanderings, and have the greatest confidence. I dare not strive against it any more."

She prayed without ceasing. Her life was a life of prayer. O! that I may follow her in this as she followed Christ! "For being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly." I have been in a chapel, when suddenly the whole congregation have been

affected in answer to her cries. For prayer, I never expect to see her equal again.

Her modesty.

ANN CUTLER was often detained late in the evenings with people in distress, but would never return in company with young men. She conducted herself in this respect to the glory of God, to the good of his people, and to the satisfaction of all. It appears from her Journal that she laid a strong foundation for this mode of conduct: a short extract from which I shall here insert.

"I am thine, blessed Jesus; I am wholly thine. I will have none but thee. Preserve my soul and body pure in thy sight. Give me strength to shun every appearance of evil. In my looks keep me pure, in my words keep me pure—a chaste virgin to Christ for ever. I promise thee upon my bended knees, that if thou wilt be mine I will be thine, and cleave to none other in this world. Amen.

"ANN CUTLER."

It appears from different parts of her journal, that she had covenanted with God

to live and die in this state ; and she certainly was in a surprising manner kept from every stain in her conduct before men ; for both saints and sinners were constrained to say, " Nanny Cutler looks at nothing but heaven."

Her Self-Denial.

When with us she lived chiefly upon milk and herb-tea ; every thing strong she quietly but firmly rejected. When asked to take any thing better, she replied, " I dare not take it. I know what will grieve the Spirit." But though she was so exceedingly temperate, she looked quite fresh and lively, I have often wondered that she went through so much labour with so little food ; but she was in an extraordinary way supported. It never appeared that by any of her labours her life was shortened. Her manner was, to see her call as clear as possible, to act in it with a single eye : and to whatever extraordinary work the Lord called her, she believed he would support her in it. "*She was crucified to the world, and the world to her.*"

Her Conversation.

MANY have entreated her to be more conversible; but her greatest gift was not argument, or exhortation in public. She had an uncommon insight into the people's states, both in leading class and in private. She was very clear in her knowledge of repentance, faith, and holiness, "but in this world knew little but herself." Her conversation was truly in heaven. If any thing light or superficial was advanced when in company, she was uneasy, and would beg for a better subject, saying, "I am tired; I must either talk about Christ or pray; or I must retire." Thus she reproved many. I have often mourned that I was not so much in heaven.

Her words were few, "*seasoned with grace*," making a deep impression wherever she came. With all this, she never had any gloom upon her countenance, but still presented the image of that sweet, that happy mind which was in Christ. I have seen her, when speaking of the glory of the world to come, stop suddenly, apparently filled with the Spirit; and, when she could speak no more, she quietly sunk beneath

the power of God, arose, and retired under a holy shame.

Her Union with Father, Son,
and Holy Ghost.

THIS experience is what Mr. Wesley advised her to make known but to few. Yet it may not be wrong, as she is gone, to reap the fruit of her labours, by declaring a few particulars for the benefit of those who are earnestly seeking the same privilege. It was her method, as appears from her papers, to renew her covenant with God every day in the following words: "Blessed Father, loving Jesus, Holy Spirit! I give my body and soul into thy hands. Have thy whole will on me, use me for thy glory, and never let me grieve thy Spirit. I will be thine every moment; and all that thou art is mine. We are fully united; we are ONE; and I pray that we may be one for ever. I give myself again to thee: give thyself again to me!

"Father! I reverence thy majesty, and sink before thee: thou art a holy God. I submit my all to thee. I live under thy

inspection, and wonder at thy glory every moment.

Blessed Jesus! thou art my constant friend and companion. Thou art always with me. We walk together in the nearest union. I can talk with thee as my Mediator. Thou showest me the Father, and I am lost in beholding his glory. Thou takest me out and bringest me in. Thou art with me wherever I go. Mine eyes are upon thee as my pattern and continual help!

“Holy Spirit! thou art my comforter. I feel for thee a constant burning love. My heart is set on fire by thy blessed influence. I pray by thy power. It is through thee I am brought to Jesus, through Jesus I am brought to the Father, and in the Father I am swallowed up in what I call glory: and I can say, Glory be to the Father, glory be to the Son, and glory be to the Holy Spirit!

“I have union with the Trinity thus: I see the Son through the Spirit, I find the Father through the Son, and God is my all in all!

Her feeling expressions proved to us that she experienced this salvation. She had continual fellowship with the blessed

THREE-ONE ; THREE in office as it respects us in our present state, but ONE God absolutely, world without end.

Her labours.

ANN CUTLER desired that I would declare my mind freely concerning her call to different places. Two years before she entered into this way I persuaded her to the contrary, but at different times she believed it was her duty ; and when she went to a strange place her labours were much blessed. She came to see us at Dewsbury, where religion had been, and was then, in a low state. In this circuit numbers had been destroyed through divisions, &c. I could not find a person that experienced sanctification, and but few who were clear in the knowledge of pardon. Our first year was a year of hard labour and much grief. The societies in some places increased but active religion scarcely appeared. Nanny Cutler joined us in continual prayer to God for a revival of his work, As I was praying in my room, I received an answer from God in a particular way, and had the revival discovered to me in its

manner and effects. I had no more doubt. All my grief was gone. I could say, "The Lord will come; I know he will come, and that suddenly."

Nothing appeared very particular, till under Nanny Cutler's prayer one soul received a clean heart. We were confident that the Lord would do the same for others.

At a prayer-meeting two found peace with God; and the same week two more received the same blessing. On Sunday morning we had a love-feast for the bands, when several were much concerned for sanctification. One young woman received the blessing. On Monday evening the bands met. A remarkable spirit of prayer was given to the people. Four persons received sanctification, and some were left in distress.

Several, who were the most prejudiced, were suddenly struck, and in agonies groaned for deliverance. On Thursday, one, who for a fortnight had been exceedingly pained for want of purity of heart, was delivered.

The work continued almost in every meeting; and sixty persons in and about

Dewsbury received sanctification, and walked in that liberty. Our love-feasts began to be crowded, and people from all the neighbouring circuits visited us. Great numbers found pardon and some perfect love. They went home, and declared what God had done for them. (It was her constant practice to rise between three and four o'clock in the morning, and wrestle with God for a revival, while Mr. Bramwell was engaged in the same exercise at that early hour in another apartment. It was almost impossible for any one to take repose by sleep, or to be unrefreshed in spirit, while near two such zealous persons, who often relieved the burden of their souls by praying aloud.)

The more I consulted the Acts of the Apostles and church-history, the more I was convinced that this was no new thing, either in its manner or effects; but that in every great work of God similar things were produced. I consulted several of the senior brethren, who exhorted me to use every means to support the revival. Satan began to use his agents in different ways. Some said one thing, some another; but no man, without the Spirit of God, can

judge properly of the matter. All must miss the mark, except those who are taught of Christ; and no greater mistakes can be made than those persons make who presume to say any thing of the work of God, and do not feel his love.

The work in a few weeks broke out at Greetland. Ann Cutler went over to Birstal, and was there equally blest in her labours. She went into the Leeds circuit; and, though vital religion had been very low, the Lord made use of her at the beginning of a revival, and the work spread nearly through the circuit. Very often ten, twenty, or more, were saved in one meeting.

She and a few more were equally blessed in some parts of the Bradford and Otley circuits. Wherever she went, there was an amazing power of God attending her prayers. This was a very great trial to many of us:—to see the Lord make use of such simple means, and our usefulness comparatively but small. I used every means, in private, to prevent prejudice in the societies; but with many of my good elder brethren it was impracticable.

The Lord saw that, in Yorkshire, we

were in too great union with the world, which had certainly been the case for a number of years. He now drew the line ; and to his name be ascribed *the wisdom and glory*.

The success which attended Ann Cutler among rich and poor for two years might be proved from her papers. Many of the fruits are gone to glory, yet a cloud of witnesses remain in different places, who, I trust, will join her in singing everlasting praise to God and the Lamb. May her conduct be their example and may they evidence the power they have felt under her prayers, by living and dying in the fulness of God !

I believe if we had heartily closed in with the kind providence of God, if we had all set our shoulders to the work, and known this great day of visitation, all the nation might have tasted his goodness. May God grant these things may not be for ever hidden from our eyes !

The last journey which Ann Cutler took was to Oldham, Manchester, Derby, and Macclesfield.

To her sister at Blackburn, she writes as follows:—

"Manchester, November 3rd.

DEAR SISTER,

"I HOPE you are well and happy. I find that my soul gets more friendship with Jesus. The last five days I have been in this town, I have been happier than ever before. The last week but this, at Oldham and Delph, and another place, nearly a hundred souls were brought to God. Many cried for mercy, and the Lord delivered them. In this town I cannot exactly tell the number. God has sanctified many, some preachers and some leaders. Glory be to God for this glorious work which he is carrying on in the earth. I hope it will revive at Blackburn. I find my desire to please God is greater than ever. My soul is wholly taken up with God. I am closely united to Jesus ; it is heaven below ; and my desire for the salvation of others is so great, that I can spend and be spent for the Lord.

"Dear sister, my mother is now where sabbaths never end. I think we shall soon be there, and meet to part no more. It is good to live near to Jesus here, and then we shall be near him in heaven. O ! let us double our diligence and be determined to be all devoted to God ! There is a greater fulness. God bless you more and more, and may he fill you with all this fulness of God ! Let us not be stopped in our journey, but obey the voice of God. God help us to redeem every moment of time ! O, pray for me ! I often pray for my sisters. I hope to meet thee in heaven. Give my love to them all. God bless you all ! I am going in the morning to the Leek and Derby circuit.

ANN CUTLER."

To a friend in Preston, about the same time, she writes thus:—

“DEAR SISTER,

“I FIND Jesus very precious. I hope you are well. God is love. I have been at Mr. B.’s above a week. The first day I came the Lord sanctified his spirit. The next morning his wife received the same blessing. Every day some are brought to God. One day twenty-five were justified; and some sanctified. The Lord is carrying on his work. I think they have sixteen servants engaged in it. Three or four have received clean hearts. I never had a more blessed time than I have had here. I want to be more like Jesus. Let you and me give ourselves to God every moment, and seek in all things how to glorify him. Pray for the preachers, that you may receive them as from God. Whilst we live in the will of God, nothing can hurt us. No cross, no trial, need our prospering, while we leave all and follow Christ. Watch against a light spirit, and all useless conversation; and let us pray every hour, that God may save us from a mere form of religion. May the power of God dwell in us!

ANN CUTLER.”

TO ANOTHER.

“DEAR SISTER,

“Though absent in body, we are often present in spirit. Let us soar away, beyond temptation’s

power, to the dear wounds of Jesus. The greater the cross the brighter the crown. Let us use all the light we have and all the love, and God has promised to give us more. If God be for us, who can harm us? Let us yield ourselves wholly unto the Lord, and sink into the will of God. Near forty souls were brought to God the last night. The Lord is making some rich men rich in the faith. Few of these will come so low as to cry for mercy.

“ANN CUTLER.”

TO MRS. D* * * *, OF LEEDS.

“*Derby, Dec, 8th, 1794.*”

‘MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

“I HOPE you are well. I find God is true : he does not fail. I have seen many souls convinced and converted to God. I was above a week in Oldham Circuit. We believed there was near a hundred souls brought to God. I have been above a fortnight in Manchester. Some were justified and some sanctified every night. On some nights eight and nine, some twelve, some twenty, one night thirty, and on another nearly forty souls found peace with God. I have been above a fortnight in Leek circuit. The Lord heareth and answereth prayer. Some nights eight, and one night eleven, found peace. I have been one week in Derby circuit. In this week above forty souls were set at liberty : some cleansed from sin. Four men came on Sunday thirteen miles in deep distress. They all went

home happy. Some kneeled in the time of preaching, their distress was so great on Saturday night, one, who mocked us, was seized by the power of God : he cried for mercy, and the Lord saved him. I see much of the Lord's presence. I am going to Macclesfield. They have sent for me. I have had a happy time for my soul. He compasseth me about with favours. I find a sweeter union with Jesus Christ than ever. He is all in all. I can freely give my soul to Christ every moment. I bless God that he can employ such a worm. I hope you are happy. I pray for you every day. We are one in heart. We are nearer and nearer meeting in glory every day. Let us be faithful to God, and he will guide us continually. He will be our sun and shield. God bless you and your family. Pray for me, that I may be faithful. I could love to hear from you. Give my love to your husband and family ; to Mrs. Crosby and Miss Tripp. Mr. Nelson desires his love to you. He is faithful in his Master's cause. Give my love to Mr. and Mrs. J—, Mr. B—, and all the dear friends in Leeds.

“ANN CUTLER.”

An account of her sickness and death, by Mrs. Highfield, in a letter to Dr. Aspiden, of Blackburn :—

“*Macclesfield.*

“DEAR SIR,

“ACCORDING to your request in a letter to Mr. Mason, dated January 12th, I will

endeavour to give you a few particulars relative to the death of Ann Cutler. I would have done it sooner, had not the affliction of my family prevented. The time she was with us, it seemed to be her daily custom to dedicate herself, body and soul, to God; to make that sacrifice which the apostle recommends, when he says, "*I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.*" She came to Macclesfield very poorly of a cold, on the 15th of December, being our preaching night. She had an earnest desire to have a prayer meeting; but I told her, on account of the preaching being so late as eight o'clock, and the classes having to meet after, it would not be convenient. But she was very importunate, and said she could not be happy without one; adding, "I shall not be long here, and I would buy up every opportunity of doing something for God, for time is short." Knowing she had an uncommon talent for pleading for such souls as were coming to God, we got a few together, to whom she was made a blessing.

“Tuesday, the 16th, she was poorly, but used no less exercise in prayer, and would frequently say, ‘I want to redeem time better, for I believe I shall not be in this world much longer;’ and would lift up her eyes to heaven, and say, ‘O blessed Jesus! teach me to redeem time better, that I may live more to thee than I have ever yet done, that I may walk as thou also walkedst here below.’ At night we had our prayer-meeting, in which she was very earnest in wrestling with the Lord for a present blessing for every soul. Indeed, it was a blessed time to very many, a time in which much of the power of God came down. I believe it was a season that will never be forgotten. After this meeting concluded, we went to another, where she exercised several times. I think that it may be truly said, that she *‘prayed with all prayer,’* and lived constantly in this spirit.

On Wednesday, the 17th, she complained of a soreness at her breast, and, for all this, did not abate of her usual exercise in prayer. The morning she employed in visiting sick persons, and many times prayed sweetly with them and for them. The afternoon she spent in praying with

several friends. In the evening we had a public prayer-meeting in the chapel. She then stood upon one of the forms, and gave us an exhortation, which was well approved. She was uncommonly earnest for precious souls. The zeal she had for them seemed to be unparalleled. There were many singularly blessed of God. The meeting continued till one o'clock in the morning. After this she took a little refreshment; and, after our family devotion, she desired us to retire and leave her, for she wished to pray a while by herself. I said, 'Nanny, you have had a long meeting, go to bed.' She said, 'Bless the Lord! my soul is quite happy, I feel a nearer union with Jesus than I did yesterday.'

"In the afternoon she said, 'I want us to pray together, that we may obtain a blessing: come, let us go to the Lord Jesus, and let us go empty that we may be filled.' When we sat down to dinner, she praised God; and said, 'Glory be to God! I find he is quite willing to give grace and glory! I feel he does not withhold any good thing from me.' She seemed quite in a rapture saying, 'O Jesus! I

long to be with thee, that I may give thee greater praise.' She now retired, and spent the greater part of the afternoon in prayer, as usual. A friend invited her to drink tea. The time being come, she came to me and said, 'Did I promise?' I told her I did not know. To which she replied, 'I am so feeble in body, I think I had better stay.' A person calling upon her, she went, and came back exceedingly poorly, but thankful to God, saying, 'Jesus has blessed my soul.' Soon after this she said, 'Christmas is very near;' and added, 'Last Christmas I went to see my mother, but now she is in glory; and I wish much to see her this: and I know not but I shall, for I feel as if I expected it.' This was not the only time she talked thus, for she frequently made use of some such language. This evening we went to a meeting a little out of the town, and in the meeting she prayed several times, and repeatedly praised God for condescending to bless both her body and soul. About the middle of the meeting she gave out,

"This, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend ;

Whose mercy's as great as his power,
And knows nor beginning nor end.

"'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
We'll trust him for all that's to come!

Evidently feeling every word she spoke. At which time she sung with all her might, though singing was very unusual with her. It was a blessed time to many, and also to herself. Much of the Divine Presence was with us, and (I bless the Lord!) she was well received. As we were returning home, she said, 'The Lord has wonderfully blessed me; not only in my soul, but my body, for I feel quite well.' After we got home she began to cough very much; but being soon better, she resumed her conversation, which was always about heaven or heavenly things. She said, 'Friends, I shall be in heaven before you, and then how glad shall I be to welcome you there! I long to see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Wesley, Fletcher, and some other dear friends that I have known on earth.'

"Friday the 19th, her cough began to be exceedingly troublesome, yet she was no less fervent in spirit. She spent all the

day in retirement; and, I doubt not, had she been seen, she was the greater part of the time upon her knees, pouring out her soul before God in prayer and praise. At night, her cough still increasing prevented her being at the preaching.

"Saturday the 20th, she was worse, and could not exercise in prayer without great difficulty. She came into the prayer-meeting, and it may be said, she prayed as Christ did in the garden; which well became a dying person.

"Sunday the 21st, she had great difficulty in breathing, and often said, 'Jesus is about to take me home. I think I shall soon have done with this body of clay; and O, how happy shall I then be,

'When I cast my crown before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!'

"Monday the 22nd, she was much the same in body, but in a sweet frame of mind, perfectly resigned to the will of God, saying, 'Welcome life, or death, or sickness! just as seemeth good in the sight of the Lord.'

Tuesday the 23rd, she was much worse. It was with much pain that she could talk.

After dinner she was obliged to go to bed, and said but very little. In the evening she came into the prayer-meeting, but was obliged to leave as soon as she had prayed once. She had but little rest this evening.

“Wednesday the 24th, she sat up as usual, and spent most part of the morning in prayer. After dinner she went to bed again; and the little she could say was seasoned with salt, administering grace to the hearers.

“Thursday the 25th, she came down for the last time; but, by the advice of the Doctor, she went to bed, and her affliction became very heavy, yet she continued instant in prayer and praise to God, often saying, ‘All I have and am will I give to thee, my God; Make me live every moment in the spirit. Dear Jesus, take me for thy bride, and walk in me every moment! O, how I long to be with thee in heaven!’ she had a very restless night.

“Friday the 26th, she was desired to say, if there was any person to whom she would wish to send: She answered, ‘No, except to——;’ who was immediately written to. At five o’clock in the evening she began to be so ill that we thought her

departure was at hand. About seven o'clock she said, 'I think I have the pains of death upon me; but what a blessing it is, I am going to Jesus! For I am sure he is mine, and I am his.' As she was able, she repeated these words, 'I am sure he is mine, and I am his,' at least twenty times. At nine o'clock, she was easier, and had a comfortable night.

"She was much better in the morning, and continued to be so all the day. Her soul seemed very much engaged with God. In the afternoon, I asked her the state of her mind: Her answer was, 'Quite happy in the love of God.'

"About half past twelve o'clock on Sunday morning, a friend and I joined in prayer with her. When we had concluded, she sat up in bed, and prayed with such exertion of voice as astonished us. She prayed most earnestly that God would revive his work in Macclesfield. The preachers and leaders seemed much impressed upon her mind. She was uncommonly drawn out in prayer for them.

"Sunday the 28th, she was a little better, and was desirous of getting up, and did whilst the bed was made; but wished to

lie down again immediately. After dinner she was worse, and complained of a pain in her breast. I asked her if I might send for the Doctor; she said I might, but added, 'He has done all he can: let us both be perfectly resigned to the will of God.' In the evening she was very restless, with a degree of delirium.

"About three o'clock on Monday morning she began to ascribe glory to the ever-blessed Trinity; and continued, saying, 'Glory be to the Father, glory be to the Son, and glory be to the Holy Ghost,' for a considerable time. Afterwards she altered much for death. About seven o'clock, the doctor, with those about her, thought she was just gone; but to our great surprise, she continued in this state till between ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon. She then lifted herself up, and looked about her, and spoke just to be heard, and was very sensible. She seemed perfectly composed, but her strength was nearly gone. About three o'clock she looked at the friends, and said, 'I am going to die;' and added, 'Glory be to God and the Lamb for ever!' so loud as to be heard in any part of the house, till she was quite

exhausted. About six o'clock I said, 'Nanny, how are you?' With a faint voice, she said, 'I am very ill.' I replied, 'You are, but I trust your soul is perfectly happy.' She said, 'Yes, it is; but I cannot so fully rejoice, because of the weight of my affliction.' I said, 'Well, the Lord does not require it, or he would give you strength.' 'Yes,' she said, 'he would.' Glory be to God and the Lamb for ever! These were her last words. Soon afterwards the spirit left this vale of misery.

"So died our dear and much-valued friend, Ann Cutler.

"The above are the particulars of her life during the time she was with us, and an account of her sickness and death, as far as I am able to recollect.

I am yours, &c.,

Additional Remarks.

ANN CUTLER, it appears, was brought to the Lord under the early ministry of William Bramwell, when he laboured as a local preacher.

She was interred in the burying ground belonging to the new Church at Maccles-

field, sometimes called Christ's Church. Which church was then supplied by the ministry of the pious and Reverend David Simpson ; a man whose industry was great, and whose pious labours were owned in the conversion of many sinners to God.

Ann Cutler's Epitaph is engraven upon a plate of copper, fixed on the tomb-stone, and is as follows :

The Epitaph.

UNDERNEATH LIE THE REMAINS OF
ANN CUTLER,
WHOSE SIMPLE MANNERS, SOLID PIETY, AND
EXTRAORDINARY POWER IN PRAYER,
DISTINGUISHED AND RENDERED HER EMINENTLY
USEFUL IN PROMOTING
A RELIGIOUS REVIVAL WHEREVER SHE CAME.
SHE WAS BORN NEAR PRESTON,
IN LANCASHIRE,
AND DIED HERE, DECEMBER 29, 1794, ÆT. 35.



Choice Wesleyan Anecdotes.

Mr. Wesley.

THE care of Providence seems to have been exercised in a remarkable manner over the early life of that zealous and active servant of Christ, Mr. WESLEY. When a little boy, six years of age, the house of his Father, who was a pious clergyman in Lincolnshire, caught fire at midnight, so that when the family awoke, they found themselves surrounded with flames. Mr. WESLEY, the elder, succeeded in effecting the escape of all the little members of his household from the devouring element, with the exception of his son John. This dear boy, through the carelessness of the servant was left in the nursery. Awaking soon after, and seeing the room very light, he called to the maid to take him up, but no one answering, he put his head out of the curtains and saw streaks of fire on the top of the room. His father, startled by the cries of the child, attempted to go up the stairs, but they were all on fire, and

would not bear the weight of his body. Finding it, therefore, impossible to give any help, he kneeled down in the hall and recommended the soul of the child to God. John however, got up and ran to the door, but could get no further, all the floor beyond it being in a blaze. He then climbed up on to a chest which stood near the window. A person in the yard seeing him, proposed that he should run and fetch a ladder; another answered, "there will not be time; but I have thought of another expedient. Here, I will fix myself against the wall, lift a light man and set him on my shoulders." The plan was adopted, and they took him out at the window. At that moment the whole roof in: providentially it fell withinside the walls, or they would all have been crushed. When they brought him into the house where his Father was, the good man exclaimed—"Come, neighbours, let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God; He has given me all my eight children—let the house go—I am rich enough!"

The memory of Mr. Wesley's escape on this occasion is preserved in one of the early prints of him; in which, under the

head, is a representation of a house in flames, with the motto, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?"

Endurance of Hardships.

Adam Clarke became inured to hardship while he was in the Norwich circuit. There was but one horse for the use of the four preachers; consequently he, as well as his colleagues, were obliged to travel much on foot. He used to set off, with his bags tied upon his back, and thus walk through the city. At most places in the circuit, the accommodations were very bad. Sometimes, during a winter extremely severe, he was obliged to lodge in a loft, through the floor of which he could observe all that passed below; and sometimes in an out-house, in which, perhaps, for seven years there had been no fire. There was a great fall of snow that year; in some places it lay from ten to fifteen feet deep. The frost was so intense, that he could seldom keep his saddle five minutes together, but was obliged to alight, and walk or run, to prevent his feet from being frost-bitten. Hardships such as these

were the common lot of the first Methodist Preachers. They seldom dwelt in ceiled houses, and their fare was generally of the most homely kind, and sometimes but little of it.

At this period, the whole salary of a Methodist Preacher, if a single man, was only three pounds a quarter.—With this sum, he had to provide himself with clothes and books, and every other necessary except food and lodging; besides paying a guinea per annum, for the support of the superannuated preachers, and preachers' widows.

“He that Toucheth you, Toucheth
the Apple of His Eye.”

AT Launceston, a persecutor of gigantic stature, and unbounded rage, determined to take away the life of Dr. Adam Clarke, that zealous evangelist; and for this purpose, filled his pocket with large stones, that he might, as he expressed it, “dash out the brains” of the preacher. On arriving at the place with this awful intent, he found Mr. Clarke in his sermon, and thought, that before he executed his pur-

pose, he would listen to a few words. Whilst listening, he suddenly fell down as if he had been shot. The immediate result was the saving of the preacher's life—the final issue, that of his own soul.

At St. Austins, he narrowly escaped with his life. Several hundreds of desperate characters, armed with various instruments of destruction, surrounded the preaching house, which was constructed of wood. On their approach, the greater part of the congregation fled from the house; the members of the Society, who amounted to thirteen persons, remained. The mob now determined to pull down the house, and bury the inmates in the ruins. While Mr. Clarke was exhorting the little flock to put their trust in God, a pistol was presented at him through the window, and twice missed fire. Observing some with iron crows, busily employed in sapping the foundation of the house, Mr. Clarke resolved to surrender himself to the mob, to save his hearers. They intreated him with tears to remain, but he said, "I will instantly go out among them in the name of God;" and, followed by a young man, he sallied forth. At the door

he met a shower of stones; but he fearlessly walked forward, the mob making a way for himself, and the young man who followed, to pass through their midst. During his passage through, the mob was silent as death; and, either ignorant of his person, or awed by the power of God, did not lift a hand against him. The society was likewise permitted to retire unmolested; but as soon as they escaped, the mob attacked the house afresh,—broke all the windows, and scarcely left a tile upon the roof. It appeared afterwards, that the intention of the mob was to throw Mr. Clarke into the sluice of an overshot watermill, by which he must have been crushed to death.

The next sabbath Mr. Clarke went again to the same place. The mob already assembled, began to raise a tumult; he entreated them to hear him for a short time, and they became attentive. He addressed them as follows:—

“I have never done any of you harm; my heartiest wish was, and is to do you good. I could tell you many things by which you might grow wise unto salvation, would you but listen to them. Why do you persecute

a man who can never be your enemy, and wishes to show that he is your friend? You cannot be *christians* who seek to destroy a man because he tells you the truth! But are you even *men*? Do you deserve that name? I am but an individual and unarmed, and scores and hundreds of you join together, and attack and destroy this single unarmed man; Is not this to act like *cowards, assassins*? I am a man and a christian: I fear you not as a man; —I would not turn my back upon the best of you; I could probably put your chief under my feet. St. Paul, the Apostle, was assailed in like manner by the heathens; they also were dastards and cowards. The scripture does not call them men, but according to the English translation, *certain lewd fellows of the baser sort*, or according to your own, which you better understand, *Los batteurs de pav'e—La canaille*. O shame on you, to come in multitudes to attack an inoffensive stranger in your island, who comes only to call you from your wickedness to serve the living God, and to show you the way which will at last lead you to everlasting blessedness!" When he concluded, they raised a shout,

declaring that he was "a clever fellow," and should preach.

Short Measure.

Mr. W. DAWSON once preached in the neighbourhood of Leeds, on Daniel, v. 27. — "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." A person who travelled the country as a pedlar, and who was very fond of his preaching, heard him on that occasion. This pedlar generally carried a stick with him, which he used as a *walking-stick* and a *yard-wand*. Having used it very freely for the former purpose, it was worn down beyond the point of justice, and obtained for him the name of "*Short Measure*." He stood before Mr. Dawson, and being rather noisy in his religious devotions, he gave signs of approbation, while the scales of truth and justice were being described and adjusted, and different classes of sinners were placed in them, and their cases decided according to the test of justice, truth, and mercy. Those around heard him exclaim at the close of each particular, "Light weight,"—"short again," &c. After weighing the charac-

ters of the flagrant transgressors of the law of God, the hypocrite, the formalist, &c. Mr. Dawson came to such persons as possessed religious light, but little hallowed feeling, and the appearance of much zeal, but who employed false weights and measures. Here, without having adverted in his mind to the case of his noisy auditor, he perceived the muscles of his face working, when the report of "*short measure*" occurred to him. Mr. Dawson softened no previous expression, but proceeded with the scrutiny of the character in question. In his very striking way he placed him in the scale, when, instead of the usual response, the man, smitten before him, took his stick, the favorite measure, from under his arm—raised one foot from the floor—doubled his knee—and, taking hold of the offending instrument by both hands, snapped it into two pieces, exclaiming, while dashing it to the ground, "Thou shalt do it no more."

Smoke in the Eyes.

A GENTLEMAN once said to Mr. W. Dawson, "I had the pleasure and profit of

hearing you preach yesterday ; but I don't like those prayer meetings at the close. They destroy all the good previously received." Mr. D. told him he should have united with the people in them. The gentleman said, "I went into the gallery, where I hung over the front and saw the whole ; but I could get no good ; I lost, indeed, all the benefit I had received under the sermon." Mr. D. said, "It is easy to account for that. You mounted to the top of the house ; and on looking down your neighbour's chimney to see what kind of a *fire* he kept, you got your *eyes* filled with *smoke*. Had you 'entered by the door'—gone into the room—and mingled with the family around the household hearth, *you* would have enjoyed the *benefit* of the *fire* as well as *they*. Sir, you have got the *smoke* in your eyes."

Little Faith.

MR. W. DAWSON compared "little faith," to a "little lad, sitting in a corner, with a blood-shot eye, and a green shade over it." Uncouth as this representation may be to the fastidious, yet to the spiritually-minded

the figure is apt and striking. "Little faith" is but a "little lad," being comparatively feeble, in consequence of not having reached maturity—nay, it is sometimes only *a babe* in Christ, having need of milk and not of strong meat. It is found "*sitting*," instead of being *actively* engaged, and on the alert, for the sacred writers invariably declare faith to be an active principle—"faith without works is dead." "Little faith" sits in a corner, instead of running to and fro that knowledge may be increased; believers are the "epistles of Christ, read and known of all men." It has a "*green shade*;" sometimes spiritual objects are too brilliant for its gaze; it requires relief, but does not impart it. A "blood-shot eye," which obstructs vision, by preventing the free and full use of that faculty. "Little faith" is often in pain—distressed by doubts and fears.—It should ever be the prayer of persons so characterized, "Lord, increase my faith!" Ye weak in faith, be not discouraged. Jeremy Taylor, in illustrating faith, takes the case of the Israelites, who were bitten by the serpents; and shows, to employ his own language, that when even a "blear-eyed"

person turned towards the object, and reached it, there was sufficient virtue in the look, in connection with the object so beheld, to save ; though the vision of such a person might be but dim, when compared with the clear, steady, penetrating glance of others.

The Character of Mr. Fletcher.

THE following account is given by Mrs. Fletcher,—“Some weeks before he was taken ill, he mentioned to me a peculiar manifestation of love, which he received in his own house, with the application of these words, ‘Thou shalt walk with me in white.’ He added ; ‘It is a little thing so to hang upon God by faith, as to feel no departure from him, and no rising in the heart against him. This does not satisfy me. And I sometimes find such gleams of light and love, such wafts, as it were, of the heavenly air, so powerful as if they would just then take my soul with them to glory ! But I am not filled ; I want to be filled with all the fulness of God.’ In conformity to these sentiments, when he was in his last illness, he expressed himself

thus, 'I am filled, most sweetly filled.' This conveyed much to my mind, as I understood by it the accomplishment of his large desires.

And now the time drew near, when his faith was to be called to its last grand exercise. A little before this, being on his knees in prayer for light, whether he should go to London or not; the answer to him seemed to be, 'Not to London, but to thy grave.' When he acquainted me with this, he said, with a heavenly smile, 'Satan would represent it to me as something dreadful, enforcing these words, *'The cold grave, the cold grave!'*

He gradually got weaker and weaker, and on the 14th, August, his precious soul entered into the joy of his Lord, without one struggle or groan, in the fifty-sixth year of his age."

When I call to mind his ardent zeal, his laborious endeavours to seek and save the lost, his diligence in the employment of his time, his Christ-like condescension towards me, and his uninterrupted converse with heaven; I may well be allowed to add, my loss is beyond the power of language to paint. I have often gone through deep

waters ; but all my afflictions were nothing to this. Well ! I want no pleasant prospect but upwards ; nor any thing on which to fix my hope, but immortality.

From the time I have had the happiness and honor of being with him, every day more and more convinced me he was the Christian. I saw, I loved in him the image of my Saviour, and I thought myself the happiest of women, in the possession of the most sympathising and heavenly friend. My sorrow bears a due proportion ; but it is alleviated by that thought, *united in God we cannot be divided*. No : we are of one household still ; we are joined in him as our centre ; *of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named*. It is said of New Testament believers, *they are come to the spirits of just men made perfect* : to the glorious privilege of communion with the Church triumphant. But this is far more apparent to the eyes of celestial spirits than to ours, which are yet veiled with flesh and blood. Yet as there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, and as the prayers of the saints still on earth are represented by incense in the hands of elders, I

can only consider departed spirits and ministering angels, as one innumerable company continually surrounding us. And are they not as nearly united to their fellow-soldiers now, as when they were in the body? What should hinder? Gratitude and affection are natives of heaven, and live for ever there. Forgetfulness is a property of mortality, and drops off with the body; therefore they that loved us in the Lord, will surely love us for ever. Can any thing material interrupt the sight or presence of a spirit? Nay,

“Walls within walls no more the passage bar,
Than unopposing space of liquid air.”

Aspirations after Faith.

I FEEL determined more than ever that God shall have my whole heart. I want to be practically conformed to the good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God, and to feel the well of living water continually springing up within my soul. “I see faith and hope must replenish and support my joys; without their aid, my joy must quickly droop and die. But by the aid of these important graces, the soul is

ever filled with heavenly fragrance ; and a fire is brought from above which devours all the stubble of inbred sin, and every plant, root, and branch, which my Father has not planted. Hereby my soul shall be purified, in all its powers and faculties, even as gold is purified in the furnace. Many waters cannot quench it ; many floods of temptations and trials only serve to make it burn still brighter and brighter. O how precious is this love ! It is the bond of union with my heavenly Bridegroom, the pledge of my immortal crown, the foretaste of my glorious heaven above, the source of bliss through the ages of eternity. I have found in all my experience, that in every temptation the victory much depends on resisting the first onset. To reason for a moment is dangerous. Is the object of gratification forbidden ? That is enough, if we truly love the Lord our God. But when we deliberate, we throw ourselves into the arms of Satan. Neither ought consequences to be considered : God will see to these ; better suffer any thing than His frown." O may I ever walk by this rule, and live to please my God alone !

I see it is faith that must bring me to

the very entrance into glory. Where the one ends the other begins. It is observed of the most renowned ancient believers, "These all died in the faith;" their faith did not die before them. Faith must bring their dying comforts: and, O how full and how near a treasure has it to go to! To die to this world is to be born into another. Faith is an act of reason, and believing is a kind of knowing, even a knowing by the testimony of Him whom we believe. It will, therefore, not a little strengthen our faith, if we contemplate the perfections of God, and the nature of our soul. If faith be not much exercised in its victorious acts, we shall neither know its strength nor find it strong when we want to use it. The life of sense is the enemy faith has to conquer. These are lessons of great importance; and happy are those who, by experience, are best acquainted with them.

WM. CARVOSSO.

Effects of Persecution.

WHEN a boy, John Nelson was preaching in Aberford Market Cross. Samuel Hick was present. A man under the influence

of intoxicating drinks, given him by the Roman Catholics, disturbed the congregation, so as to drown the voice of the preacher. This man was well known to Samuel, and in after life, he saw him deprived of his natural vision—witnessed him asking alms from door to door, and he even asked aid from Samuel himself. He reminded him of the above instance of his persecution, which with sorrow, he acknowledged to be the cause of Divine judgment coming upon him. The individual at length terminated his career in a workhouse; thus proving that “it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.” “Shall not God avenge his own elect.”

Effects of Mr. Wesley's Preaching.

It was in the old chapel at Leeds, where Samuel Hick heard Mr. Wesley preach. On entering the chapel, he was awed and delighted with Mr. Wesley's appearance, who, according to his conceptions of angelic beings, seemed at first sight to be something more than man,—even an angel of God. The following remark of Mr.

Wesley had a peculiar effect upon Samuel. In speaking of the revival of religion at that time, he spoke of it as the precursor of more glorious times, 'that when his dust should mingle with the clods of the valley, ministers more eminently successful than either himself, or others by whom he was surrounded, would be raised up to extend and perpetuate the work. Not distinguishing between ministerial talent and ministerial usefulness, he thought Mr. Wesley meant that greater preachers than himself would supply his place; thus giving Mr. Wesley the credit of indirectly associating himself with *great* though greater were to succeed him. Samuel could not conceive it possible for any one to equal, much more to surpass him; for, to use his own language, "he preached like an angel." The text was, "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." The influence of that sermon was powerfully felt by Samuel. He was convinced of all, and judged of all, and the secrets of his heart were made manifest. The eyes of his understanding were opened, and he saw himself as one ready to perish, having no merit of his own and no works to

recommend him to the mercy of God through Christ. He felt himself without hope, and without God in the world. But he learned from the discourse to which he had listened that there was hope, a possibility of enjoying the Divine favour by faith, not in human performances, but in the precious blood of Christ,—that blood which cleanseth from all sin. In that blood Samuel was ultimately washed and realized its cleansing and cheering efficacy; the effects of which justifying and sanctifying power, he is now doubtless, celebrating before the throne of God and the Lamb. Thus the gospel, as preached by Mr. Wesley, was the power of God unto the salvation of this eminent individual. It may be proper to add those convictions were deepened, and his decision matured by a dream which he had three days after the dissolution of his wife's mother. In that dream, she appeared to him, clothed in white, and taking him by the hand earnestly and pathetically exhorted him to escape the death that never dies, adding, that if he did not repent, they would never meet together in the mansions of the blessed. After this vision, conviction more powerfully seized his

spirit, and he leaped from his bed; and exclaimed with sobs. "I want Jesus Jesus to pardon all my sins. "My eyes," said he," were opened—I saw all the sins I had committed through the whole course of my life—I was like the Psalmist—I cried like the gaoler,—‘What must I do to be saved.’ Jesus was my advocate; I put in my case, and he pleaded for me before the throne of God. I believed that the blood of Christ was shed for me, and the moment I believed, I found peace. I could adopt the language of the poet

My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

A Liberal Heart.

SAMUEL Hick on the morning of his marriage, on leaving the hymeneal altar, and arriving at the church door, a number of poor widows solicited alms from him. Their appeal reached his heart, and brought the tears from his eyes; "I began the world," said he to himself, "without

money, and I will again begin it *straight*." The purpose was no sooner formed, than his hand emptied his pocket, and distributed the last pence of which he was possessed among the craving applicants. The bride being entitled to some property, and his work increasing, his pecuniary resources were soon replenished. He believed that the Divine favour marked this liberality, for he triumphantly said, "The Lord gave me a good wife, and I have never wanted money since that day."

Power of Prayer.

WHEN Samuel Hick was converted he was determined to imitate the woman of Samaria, who said to her neighbours, "Come, see a man who told me all the things that ever I did. Is not this the Christ?" The first object of his zeal was a landlady. He told her what the Lord had done for *him*, and that he could do the same for *her*—urging her to pray and believe. "What," she replied, "have you become a *Methodist*? you were a good neighbour, and a good man before; and why change? The Methodists are a set of rogues, and you will soon

be like them." However he persevered in urging her to attend to the interests of her soul, reminding her that if her sins were not pardoned she could never enter heaven. This excited her still more against him, and in her anger she ultimately turned him out of door. Fiery as was his zeal for her salvation, he received her reply and treatment with meekness, and instead of yielding to despair, he retired to a field, and supplicated at the throne of mercy on her behalf. He prayed in faith—a faith that accorded with the principle he at first stated to the landlady, namely, that "what God had done for himself, he could do for others." The fire of divine Love dwelt upon his heart—he most earnestly coveted her salvation—hope sprung from his faith, and cherishing that hope, he returned to her dwelling. But, behold what God had wrought! "To my surprise," he observed, "when I went back, she was crying in the doorstead. She asked me to forgive her. O yes, that I will, I said; and if you will let me go in, and pray with you, the Lord will forgive you too." It appears that his address to her, had been deeply considered by her during Samuel's

absence, which rendered conviction more mature. "She took me," continued he, "into a room ; and there I prayed for her. It was not long before the Lord blessed her, and he thus gave me the first soul I asked for. He can do a great work in a little time. She lived and died happy. This encouraged me to go in the duty of prayer."

Thus let fervent prayer arise,
Wing'd with faith, and pierce the skies ;
Fervent pray'r shall bring us down
Gracious answers from the throne.

"The Righteous are bold as a Lion."

ON one occasion Samuel Hick came in contact with a person of his own trade, a person hostile to heartfelt religion. Samuel was pressing home by personal appeal, the subject of experimental religion upon an old man, when the son of Vulcan came up, and requested him to let the old man alone, declaring him to be exceeded by no one in the town for honesty, declaring his belief that he would go to heaven after death. Samuel brought him to the test of "sin forgiven ;" stating that if he knew

not this, he doubted of his safety. This instantly excited his opponent, who told him if he said so again, he would "fell him." Such language Samuel could not have brooked in the day of his unregeneracy; but he now fought with the armour of the gospel; and the conflict was conducted spiritually. He firmly replied, "I have no fear of *that*; if you lift your hand up, I believe you will not get it down again." So saying, he dropped upon his knees, and began to pray for the man, who fearing the prayer might turn upon *judgment*, rather than *mercy*, made a precipitate flight.

"Exhort ye one another the more
as ye see."

THE following instance of zeal in trying to save others by bringing them under the sound of the gospel, is given by Samuel Hick:—"Mr. Thomas Taylor came to preach at Sturton Grange, and I invited all I could to go and hear him. One of these was Mr. Rhodes, a large farmer, who lived in the Parish; and who said if I would call upon him, he would go with me.

Blessed be the Lord! on the same night, the gospel proved the power of God to his salvation. I remember the text; it referred to the *tares* and the *wheat*. The tares were gathered, and tied into bundles. There was a bundle of Sabbath-breakers, a bundle of swearers, &c. These bundles were to be burnt, and before the sermon was finished, the Preacher got Mr. Rhodes bound up in one of them. From that time the Lord added to our number; we got preaching to our place, and soon had a class-meeting." See here the beneficial influence of personal entreaty. All Christians have this talent, and there is a sphere for every one in which to employ it. Were each of God's people to arise, and go to his neighbour, or friend, or relative, and in faith and prayer, exclaim, "Escape for thy life."—"Come thou with us, and we will do thee good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel," what a vast harvest of souls would be reaped! But how much criminality must attach to those who neglect this duty, and what a large amount of blessedness is kept from the unregenerate! Church of the living God! awake! awake!!

Earnest Prayer for Sanctification of Heart.

SAMUEL Hick, in the commencement of his christian course was anxious to "go on unto perfection,"—to be "entire, wanting nothing." At the midnight hour, he retired to a barn in which they held prayer meeting on a Lord's day. It was a solitary place, but its solitude was deepened by the season of midnight. He bowed the knee in one of its unfrequented nooks; but before he had proceeded to offer a petition to God, whom alone he supposed to be present, he heard the voice of prayer in an opposite corner. He paused—he listened—the shadows of night had fallen too thickly around to permit him to see any one. Unexpected as it was, it was the voice of melody to his ear: still he listened, and at length he recognized the voice of *Praying George*, one of the two colliers, who giving themselves to prayer, were very successful instruments in the hand of the Lord in the conversion of scores, if not hundreds of persons in the course of the summer, of 1794. Samuel Hick took his full share in the work, and experienced a

full share of the glory. But to pass on. Praying George in the barn was wrestling like Jacob, repeating again and again, "Lord, wash my heart; Lord, wash my heart;" adding vehemence to each repetition—elevating his voice as he rose in fervor—but as little suspecting that he was heard by a fellow-creature, as Samuel did that he should find any one in the place at such an hour. He soon gave the response to George's prayer, who, in his turn was surprised to find that Samuel had stolen into the place for the same purpose. They mingled their petitions and spirits together, and increased each other's ardour. "I thought" said Samuel, "if the Lord could wash George's heart, he could also wash mine, and I was fully convinced, that if George's heart wanted washing, mine required it much more; for I considered him far before me in Divine grace."

Entire Sanctification.

The Rev. W. Bramwell, that great and good man thus expresses himself:—

"I was for some time deeply convinced of my need of purity, and sought it care-

fully with tears, entreaties, and sacrifice; thinking nothing too much to give up, nothing too much to do or suffer,—if I might but attain this pearl of great price. Yet I found it not; nor knew the reason why, till the Lord showed me I had erred in the way of seeking it. I did not seek it by ‘faith’ alone,’ but, as it were, by ‘the works of the law.’ Being now convinced of my error, I sought the blessing by faith only. Still it tarried a little, but I waited for it in the way of faith.—When in the house of a friend at Liverpool, whither I had gone to settle some temporal affairs, previously to my going out to travel, while I was sitting,” he said, “as it might be on this chair, (pointing to the chair on which he sat,) with my mind engaged in various meditations concerning my present affairs and future prospects, my heart now and then lifted up to God, but not particularly about this blessing,—heaven came down to earth; it came to my soul. The Lord, for whom I had waited, came suddenly to the temple of my heart; and I had an immediate evidence that this was the blessing I had for some time been seeking. My soul was then all wonder, love, and praise.

It is now about twenty-six years ago; I have walked in this liberty ever since. Glory be to God! I have been kept by his power. By faith I stand. In this, as in all other instances, I have proved the Devil to be a liar:—he suggested to me a few minutes after I received the blessing, that I should not hold it long,—it was too great to be retained,—and that I had better not profess it.”

“Proceeding,” he said, “I walked fifteen miles that night to a place where I had an appointment to preach; and, at every step I trod, the temptation was repeated, ‘Do not profess sanctification, for thou wilt lose it.’ But in preaching that night, the temptation was removed, and my soul was again filled with glory and with God. I then declared to the people what God had done for my soul; and I have done so on every proper occasion since that time, believing it to be a duty incumbent upon me. For God does not impart blessings to his children to be concealed in their own bosoms, but to be made known to all who fear him and desire the enjoyment of the same privileges. I think such a blessing cannot be retained, without professing it

at every fit opportunity; for thus we glorify God, and 'with the mouth make confession unto salvation.' "

The above accords with the following declarations on the same subject, by the Rev. John Fletcher, of Madeley. They are extracted from the Diary of that excellent woman, the late Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers; and are here inserted, that "in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word" of this glorious doctrine "may be established."

"Leeds, August 24th, 1781.—That dear man of God, Mr. Fletcher, came with Miss Bosanquet, now Mrs. Fletcher, to dine at Mr. Smith's in Park Row; and also to meet the Select Society. After dinner, I took an opportunity to beg he would explain an expression he once used to Miss Loxdale in a letter, viz. 'That on all who are renewed in love, God bestows the gift of prophecy.' He called for the Bible,—then read and sweetly explained the second chapter of the Acts: observing, 'to prophecy,' in the sense *he* meant, was, to magnify God with the *new heart* of love, and the *new tongue* of praise, as they did who on the day of Pentecost were filled with the Holy Ghost!—And he insisted that believers are now called to make the same confession, seeing we may all prove the baptismal fire. He showed that the day of Pentecost was only the opening of the dispensation of the Holy Ghost,—the great promise of the Father! And that 'the latter day glory,' which he believed was near at hand, should far exceed the first effusion of the Spirit.

Therefore, seeing they then bore witness to the grace of our Lord, so should we; and, like them, spread the flame of love! Then, after singing a hymn, he cried,—‘O to be filled with the Holy Ghost! I want to be filled! O my friends, let us wrestle for a more abundant outpouring of the Spirit!’—To me he said, ‘Come, my sister, will you covenant with me this day, to pray for the fulness of the Spirit? Will you be a witness for Jesus?’—I answered, with flowing tears, ‘In the strength of Jesus I will.’ He cried, ‘Glory, glory, glory be to God! Lord, strengthen thy handmaid to keep this covenant even unto death.’ He then said—‘My dear brethren and sisters, God is here! I feel him in this place! But I would hide my face in the dust, because I have been ashamed to declare what he has done for me! For many years I have grieved his Spirit,—but I am deeply humbled: and he has again restored my soul! Last Wednesday evening he spoke to me by these words, ‘Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.’ I obeyed the voice of God: I now obey it, and tell you all, to the praise of his love, I am freed from sin!—Yes, I rejoice to declare it, and to bear witness to the glory of his grace, that ‘I am dead unto sin, and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ,’ who is my Lord and King! I received this blessing four or five times before; but I lost it by not observing the order of God, who hath told us—‘With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth *confession* is made unto salvation.’ But the enemy offered

his bait under various colours, to keep me from a public declaration of what my Lord had wrought.

“When I first received this grace, Satan bade me wait a while, till I saw more of the fruits: I resolved to do so, but I soon began to doubt of the witness, which before I had felt in my heart; and was in a little time sensible I had lost both. A second time, after receiving this salvation, (with shame I confess it.) I was kept from being a witness for my Lord, by the suggestion,—‘Thou art a public character; the eyes of all are upon thee; and if, as before, by any means thou lose the blessing, it will be a dishonour to the doctrine of heart-holiness, &c.’—I held my peace, and again forfeited the gift of God! At another time I was prevailed upon to hide it by reasoning,—‘How few, even of the children of God, will receive this testimony! Many of them supposing every transgression of the Adamic law is sin: and, therefore, if I profess myself to be free from sin, all these will give my profession the lie, because I am not free in their sense;—I am not free from ignorance, mistakes, and various infirmities. I will therefore enjoy what God has wrought in me, but I will not say, I am perfect in love.’—Alas! I soon found again,—‘He that hideth his Lord’s talent, and improveth it not, from that unprofitable servant shall be taken away even that he hath.’

“Now, my brethren, you see my folly! I have confessed it in your presence, and now I resolve, before you all, to confess my Master! I will confess him to all the world! And I declare

unto you, in the presence of God, the Holy Trinity, I am now 'dead indeed unto sin.' I do not say, 'I am crucified with Christ;' because some of our well-meaning brethren say, 'by this can only be meant a gradual dying.'—but I profess unto you, 'I am dead unto sin, and alive unto God!' And remember,—all this is 'through Jesus Christ our Lord.' He is my Prophet, Priest, and King! My indwelling holiness! My all in all!—I wait for the fulfilment of that prayer,—'That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us:—And that they may be one even as we are one.'—O for that pure baptismal flame! O for the fulness of the dispensation of the Holy Ghost! Pray, pray, pray for this! This shall make us all of one heart and of one soul!—Pray for gifts—for the gift of utterance: and confess your Royal Master. A man without gifts is like the king in disguise: he appears as a subject only! You are 'kings and priests unto God:' put on, therefore, your robes; and wear on your garter, 'HOLINESS TO THE LORD.'

"A few days after this, I heard Mr. Fletcher preach from the same subject; which greatly encouraged and strengthened me. He invited all who felt the need of full redemption, to believe *now* for this great salvation. He observed,—'As when you reckon with your creditor, or with your host; and as, when you have paid all, you reckon yourselves free; so now, reckon with God,—Jesus hath paid all: and he hath paid for thee! hath purchased thy pardon and holiness. Therefore it is now God's command,—'Reckon

thyself dead indeed unto sin ;' and thou art alive unto God from this hour ! O begin, begin to reckon now ! Fear not,—believe, believe, believe ! And continue to believe every moment ; so shalt thou continue free. For it is retained, as it is received, by faith alone. And, whosoever thou art that perseveringly believest, it will be as a fire in thy bosom, and constrain thee to confess with thy mouth thy Lord and King Jesus ! And, in spreading the sacred flame of love, thou shalt still be saved to the uttermost.'

"He also dwelt largely on those words, 'where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.' He asked, 'How did sin abound ? Had it not overspread your whole soul ? Were not all your passions, tempers, propensities, and affections, inordinate and evil ? Did not pride, anger, self-will, and unbelief, all reign in you ? And when the Spirit of God strove with you, did you not repel all his convictions, and put him far from you ? Well, my brethren, 'Ye were then the servants of sin ; and were free from righteousness : but now, being made free from sin, ye become servants to God ;' and holiness shall overspread your whole soul ; so that all your tempers and passions shall be henceforth regulated and governed by Him who now sitteth upon the throne of your heart, making all things new ! They shall therefore be *all* holy. And as you once resisted the Holy Spirit, so now you shall have power as easily to resist all the subtle frauds or fierce attacks of Satan. Yea, his suggestions to evil shall be like a ball thrown against a wall of brass ! It shall rebound back again ; and you

shall know what that meaneth,—‘the prince of this world cometh but hath nothing in me.’

“He then, with lifted hands, cried—‘Who will thus be saved? Who will believe the report? You are only in an improper sense called believers who reject this. Who is a believer? One that believes a few things which God hath spoken? Nay, but one who believes all that ever proceeded out of his mouth!’—Here then is the word of the Lord, ‘As sin abounded, grace shall much more abound!’ As no good thing was in you by nature, so now no evil thing shall remain; Do you believe this? Or are you a half believer only?—Come, Jesus is offered to thee as a perfect Saviour;—take him, and he will make thee a perfect saint! O ye half believers, will you still plead for the murderers of your Lord? Which of these will you hide as a serpent in your bosom! Shall it be anger, pride, self-will, or accursed unbelief? O be no longer befooled! bring these enemies to thy Lord, and let him slay them.’

“Some days after this, being in Mr. Fletcher’s company, he took me by the hand, and said:—‘Glory be to God for you, my sister!—Still bear a noble testimony for your Lord. Do you repent your confession of his salvation?’ I answered, Blessed be God, I do not.—At going away, he again took me by my hand, saying, with eyes and heart lifted up,—‘Bless her, Heavenly Power!’ It seemed as if an instant answer was given, and a beam of glory let down!—I was filled with deep humility and love. Yea, my whole soul overflowed with unutterable sweetness.”

Prayer Answered.

"A WOMAN at Isenach lying very sick, had endured horrible paroxysms, which no physician was able to cure; for her indisposition was directly a work of Satan, and an unnatural thing, occasioned by Satanic frightenings, so that she fell into a swooning, and thereupon had four paroxysms, each enduring for three or four hours; her hands and feet bended in the manner of a horn. She was chill and cold; her tongue rough and dry; her body, by reason of the disease, was much swelled; she seeing Luther, who came to visit her, was much rejoiced thereat, raised herself up, and said 'Ah! my loving father in Christ, I have a heavy burthen upon me. Pray to God for me.'—And so she fell down into her bed again. Luther sighed deeply, and said, 'God rebuke and command thee, Satan, that thou suffer this his divine creature to be in peace!' Then, turning himself towards the standers-by, he said, 'She is plagued of Satan in the body; but the soul is saved and shall be preserved. Therefore let us give thanks to God and pray for her.' And so they all repeated aloud the

LORD'S PRAYER. After which, Luther concluded with these words.—‘Lord God, Heavenly Father, who hast commanded us to pray for the sick; we beseech thee, through Jesus-Christ thy only beloved Son that thou wouldst deliver this thy servant from her sickness and from the hands of the Devil. Spare, O Lord, her soul, which, together with her body, thou hast purchased and redeemed from the power of sin, of death, and of the Devil.’ Whereupon the sick woman said ‘Amen.’—The night following she took good rest, and the next day was graciously delivered from her disease and sickness.”—*Luther's Table Talk.*

Luther's Prayer for Rain.

“In the year 1532, in all Germany was a great drought; the corn in the fields in a lamentable way began to wither. On the 9th of June, the same year, Luther called together the whole assembly into the church, and directed his prayer, with deep sighs, to God, in the manner following:—

“O Lord, behold our prayers for thy promise sake. We have prayed, and our hearts have sighed; but the covetousness

of the rich farmers doth hinder and hem in thy blessing. For seeing that through thy gospel they are unbridled, they think it free for them to live and do whatever they please; they now fear neither death nor hell, but say, I BELIEVE, *therefore I shall be saved*; they become haughty, spiteful Mammonists, and accursed, covetous cut-throats, that suck out land and people. Moreover, also, the Usurers among the gentry in every place deal wickedly, insomuch, as it seemeth, thou, O God, wilt now visit us, together with them, with the rod; yet nevertheless thou hast still means whereby to maintain those that are thine, although thou sufferest no rain to fall among the ungodly.'

"After he had said thus, he lifted up his eyes towards heaven, and said. 'Lord God, thou hast, through the mouth of thy servant David, said, The Lord is nigh unto all that call upon him faithfully: He doeth the will of those that fear him, and heareth their prayers and helpeth them in their distress. How is it, Lord, that thou givest no rain, seeing we have cried and prayed so long unto Thee? Thy will be done, O Lord! We know that though

thou givest not rain, yet thou wilt give us something better,—a quiet, and a peaceable life. Now we pray, O Lord, from the bottom of our hearts. If thou, O Lord wilt not be pleased to hear and give us rain, then the ungodly will say, Christ thy only son is a liar. For he saith, Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye pray the Father in my name, the same he will give unto you, &c. Insomuch that they will give thy Son the lie, I know, O Lord, that we do cry unto thee from our hearts, with yearning and sighing.—Why then dost thou not hear us?"

"Now, even the same day, and within the space of half an hour after the people went from church, it began to rain so sweetly and mildly, which continued for a whole fortnight, that the grounds thereby were changed and refreshed in a most miraculous manner."—This happened June 9th, 1532.—*Idem.*



